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LITTLE·IS·MUCH
WHEN·GOD·IS·IN·IT



MRS. CYRIL BIRD



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LITTLE IS MUCH WHEN GOD IS IN IT

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT

Bird, Annie Labadie
BY

MRS. CYRIL BIRD

Formerly a Missionary in Central Africa

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my dear.

To my Mother, whose life testimony
has opened my eyes to the fullest
realization of the deep truth embodied
in the title of this little book—Little
Is Much when God Is In It—this
volume is affectionately dedicated by
the author.



PREFACE

A very little word only of preface is necessary to the accompanying simple, yet profoundly affecting record of the far-reaching results of one day spent, as we may say, in the House of the Lord; for surely this dependent walk with Him is the equivalent to-day for the privilege Israel's psalmist so deeply appreciated, and proving that a day thus spent in His Courts is truly "better than a thousand."

A humble believer commits her way unto the Lord, and then—everything appears to go just contrary to what might have been anticipated. In this case, the Lord permitted "Sister Abigail" to see the end and purpose for the interruptions and disappointments; and now Mrs. Bird has spread this out in these pages for the blessing and cheer of others.

But is this always the case? Should we always expect to get an interpretation of all His ways here? Were we "wise" and would "observe these things" we should surely "understand the loving kindness of the Lord" far better than we do, and this is our shame; yet we must also remember that this is the day of the *trial* of our faith—that faith which is more precious to God than gold to men; and often we have to be content with "believing where we cannot prove." But does He value this less or more? "We walk by faith, not by sight," whilst to *see* the reason for all that is perplexing would really be sight and not faith.

There is one other word of caution that I would add:

The Scripture reads "whose *faith* follow," not "whose *methods* follow." Faith does not imitate the means another may be led to take. God may really lead one to do something even strange and extraordinary; let us be careful not to do the

PREFACE.

same thing, apart from the same leading. True faith in God leads rather to *different* methods than the same; for His wisdom is so manifold that we should no more expect Him to repeat Himself in every detail of His guidance of His people, than to make two blades of grass *exactly* alike.

May the Lord grant us, beloved reader, to know the Enoch-joy of walking with Him here till we know the Enoch-joy of being translated to be with Him forever.

F. C. JENNINGS.

CHAPTER I.

"For thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."—Prov. 27:1.

"Little is much, when God is in it;
Man's busiest day's not worth God's minute,
Much is little everywhere,
If God the labour do not share;
So work with God and nothing's lost,
Who works with Him does best and most:
Work on! Work on!"—A. A. Rees.

It is only the old tale of everything going dead wrong, when much is planned to be done and one desires to put in a full day for the Master, here a little, and there a little. How things do transpire to hinder! You know just how it is! and, when evening falls, there is the little sigh—but!—His ways are not our ways, and, if the day is placed in His hands, will He not control it? "Doth He not count our steps?" Job 31:4. Can He not make much out of little? Yes, more than we could even hope. And through delays and hinderings, has He not therewith precious lessons to teach? Surely the heart, that can see God in everything soon learns to value these details.

Shall I relate the story of a day of this kind? Abigail visits a dear old saint, who is very poor, and who has crocheted some mats that she desires

LITTLE IS MUCH

to sell, but that have been done with a coarse yellow thread. If only they were white!

What can be done?

Why, bleach them! Oh, yes, she can do *this little* thing to help, and so, in His name, the mats are carried home, for it will take only such a little while you know, and then those visits, that were planned, can be made all in time to attend to the women's little prayer meeting.

It does seem an easy thing to do but Abigail has not had the experience of washing new mats. Each one must be carefully pinned to its place, while it bleaches in the sun, and there are so many points to each—one-half hour speeds quickly by. One hour, my, how time flies! Will they ever be finished? It looks as if the calls will not be made, unless help comes. Well, help does come. Iona appears on the scene and lends a helping hand. How they work! Another hour has gone by, alas! it is noon.

"Oh, well," thinks Abigail, "I shall not wait for lunch, but hurry away for I *must* make those calls," but watchful eyes have noticed, the cup of tea has been prepared, and she is *hindered* just a little longer, for, of course, she must show appreciation of this tender touch of love and thoughtful-

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

ness. But time is going! How can she linger? Hastily taking the refreshment, she rushes to catch the car, but only in time to see it pass by.

Fifteen minutes to wait!!

Who of us does not know a little of this annoyance? It is just one delay after another to-day! If one had only known! If one had only planned differently! If! If! If! It is bewildering! I did want to accomplish so much for Him to-day says the Christian heart. Well! does He not know? Does He not care; Ah, yes! And "Little is much, when God is in it."

Here comes the car!

At last she is on her way. Seated, she sorts her tracts. "Here is a short one: Oh, I will give this one to the conductor." What a startling headline 'Where Hell is.' Just a question asked by a companion in ridicule, 'Can you tell me where hell is?' And the answer, given after a moment's thought, "Yes, it is at the end of a Christless life." That is all!

The tract is offered, but, on taking it, the conductor demurs, saying, "You always give me one of these religious papers, I suppose you think me a very wicked fellow, but I am as good as they make them."

LITTLE IS MUCH

"Ah! but this Bible tells me, 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked' (Jer. xvii: 9). That means your heart and mine. It doesn't sound very good, does it?"

"O well, there is plenty of time for me to think about these things, I am still young."

"Yes, but if you go to the graveyard, you will find all sizes of graves there—your size."

But he laughed, saying, "There is plenty of time for me, this is my afternoon off, and I mean to have the time of my life."

On leaving the car, impelled to turn again to him, she said "Remember the time is short, and you need not go to a Christless grave—to hell—Jesus died for you."

The car sped on with this fine-looking, healthy conductor to his afternoon's pleasure. Abigail, this christian worker, goes to make her calls at last. Then, to the sisters' weekly prayer-meeting. Here the tale of the day is related, mentioning the chat with the conductor. Only seven women are there, but each prays audibly for the conductor's salvation—but—does it pay to pray?

The next morning Abigail goes forth on another day's mission of tract distributing on C— Market. She takes the same car, but finds a new conductor.

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

He approaches her with the question, "Are you the lady who gave a paper to the conductor on this car yesterday?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, that conductor is dead!"

"Are you sure? How did it happen?"

"I was in the car when you spoke to him, and I took his place when he left. He jumped from this car to the N— car, fell under the wheels and was killed!"

The worker was stunned. It was too dreadful. That strong man, so bright! So young! Gone! And where? Oh, could it be to a Christless grave?

Sick and faint, she returns later on another car, and the conductor approaches her asking "Are you the lady who gave a tract to a conductor on the C— car yesterday?"

"Yes, but I know all about it, and feel I cannot bear to hear it again."

"Yes, but you do not know all, I went to the hospital with him and was there, when he died."

"Oh! he was not killed instantly then?"

"No, but lived till 7:45 this morning, and he gave me a description of you, saying 'You will know her, because she always carries a Bible and is often on C— and G— cars. Tell her I am not

LITTLE IS MUCH

going to a Christless grave—I have accepted the Saviour she told me of. Now, madam, if you want to do a good turn, go and comfort his mother.”

What tremendous issues follow the story of this day! The mats—the delays—the hindrances—missing the car—to take that one to meet that conductor, surely, “Little is much when God is in it!”

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

CHAPTER II.

"But other fell on good ground and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold and some thirtyfold."—Matt. 13:8.

What about the thief on the cross? It was the last hour for him! He acknowledged himself the guilty one and Jesus the righteous one, and called Jesus, Lord. And the Word says no man calleth Him, Lord—but by the *Spirit*. We have our Lord's word for it that he should be with Him. Dying, having accepted Christ, he went into eternity to be with Christ, but no deeds of love could he do! No fruit could he bear! a moment of time, and gone!

Fruitless? Ah, no! That cannot be.

Who has preached more telling sermons, than the thief on the cross? Who of us has not remembered him, and taken courage to speak to the dying, of Jesus, mighty to save? And how many hearing of the thief have at the very last moment been encouraged to trust Jesus, saying "Lord,—I believe."

The thief gave the occasion for this work of grace, gave the example for the sinner to trust and not be afraid, and shall not much fruit be to his account at that day?

Our strong, manly conductor, cut down—so sud-

LITTLE IS MUCH

denly, yes, he said, "Lord, I believe." Just a moment of time, and gone into eternity. Fruitless?

Ah, no! for it was good seed that fell into good ground; and, "Their works do follow them."

How pleased he will be at that day, to meet those who trusted Jesus, because of his testimony! How surprised! Yes, he gave the occasion of it. For the suddenness of his death, following so shortly after the talk, and his confession of faith, seemed to demand a tract to be written, as a warning to those who think there is plenty of time—when time is short.

There was much prayer about it, and Abigail and Iona put it into print, just a four paged leaflet entitled, "I am not going to a Christless grave, are you?" *

They scattered these leaflets broadcast with much prayer, and the few women, who meet weekly to pray, watered the seed sown by their prayers—but, does it pay to pray?

They were praying for that conductor, when his life was hanging in the balance—he was conscious—he accepted the Saviour and sent out the word, "I am not going to a Christless grave."

Does it pay?

*Tracts can be had at 25c. one hundred from 257 Plymouth Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

CHAPTER III.

"In the morning, sow thy seed, and, in the evening, withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both alike shall be good!"—Eccles.11 :6.

Iona had had a long sickness, was still very weak, when Abigail accompanied her on a day's outing. They enter a car for South Park, and sitting opposite them is a clergyman, a Roman Catholic priest, and Iona says "I wish that priest had the tract about our conductor, but I do not feel that I could offer it to him."

So Abigail approaches him, and graciously offers the little leaflet. But the priest refuses it, and sharply rebukes her for speaking of these things in public, and forcing herself on others, then, with a touch of sarcasm, finishes by saying, "I suppose you are one of those persons that presume to *think* you can tell whether you are saved or not before you die!"

"Oh, no sir, indeed I am not! I would not dare to presume to *think* any such thing."

With this reply he was a wee bit more affable, but prayer was ascending, while the car sped on.

LITTLE IS MUCH

The time was drawing near when cars were to be changed. A few remarks were passed, and then once more the leaflet was offered by Abigail saying:

"The story is perfectly true, the incident happened to a conductor on a B— St. car. I know the facts, and wrote the tract."

Somewhat reluctantly, he accepted the paper, putting it in his pocket. Then she continued, "If you will pardon me, sir, and permit further intrusion to prevent misunderstanding I feel I must explain about my not 'presuming to think.' I don't think anything at all about it, for 'I *know* whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day' (2 Tim. 1:12). I *know*, I *know* whom I have believed."

They changed cars, but God says, "My word shall not return unto me void, * * * *it shall* prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." (Isa. lv:11).

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

CHAPTER IV.

"But God gave the increase" (1 Cor. iii:6).

Two years have passed, and our next scene is in a Roman Catholic hospital, where a friend is lying sick and Abigail goes to visit her, taking with her as is her custom the little messengers or tract-lets; but, as in all public buildings caution is needed here in distributing them, so one is slipped under a mat, another placed behind a picture, or pushed through a crevice of the door, anywhere, everywhere opportunity affords, "Thou knowest not which shall prosper, either this or that!"

But the ever watchful eye of the sister-superior is upon her, and drawing near she places her hand on Abigail's shoulder, saying,

"Child, you must be careful where you place these, they may get you into trouble, or you may be prohibited entrance to the building."

Later on, one tract was discovered under a mat. It was the one entitled, "I am not going to a Christless grave, are you?" The distributor was detected. The sister-superior's hand was again placed on Abigail's shoulder, saying,

LITTLE IS MUCH

"Child, I am not altogether against these papers, and certainly not against you." She then expressed her desire for an interview, but not then, and taking Abigail's telephone number, she said she would telephone her.

Of course, Abigail's friends were solicitous for her safety, and were apprehensive as to future visits, but the matter was again prayed about by our praying circle, and this sister-superior was prayed for as well as our priest of the street car affair.

What will it all mean? Does it mean danger to Abigail? Will she be refused further entrance to the Institution? Will she be secreted away? How such thoughts flash through anxious minds! But how safe one feels! How confident! How restful! when the heart can exclaim "O God, my times are in thy hands!" and when the pages of the Old Book are turned to Psalm thirty-four, verse seven, and one reads, "The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."

It was only a short time thereafter, when the telephone call came, and a meeting was appointed in the sister-superior's private office. The tract of

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

"our conductor" was produced, and Abigail was asked, "Was this tract written by you?"

"Yes."

"Did you give one to a Roman Catholic priest on a South Park car?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, that priest is my brother, and I have seen one in his possession; he is ill, and has much desired an interview with the lady who gave it to him. Do you know you are running great danger in giving out these papers?"

Then she asked Abigail's name, and when told, added, "I will call you 'Sister Abigail' and you will know me as 'Sister Cautious.' My brother is very ill, and is in the home of a friend at L—— Will you go with me to see him? But will you be afraid to go?"

"Oh, no! 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day!'"

The appointment was made for the next morning, and Sister Cautious and Sister Abigail travelled together to L——. The priest in the last stage of consumption, was indeed very ill, in bed. They entered the sick room, and he, seeing Abigail, extended his two hands, saying:

LITTLE IS MUCH

"Oh, yes, you are the one that told me, 'I *know* whom I have believed' and you said you could not presume to *think* such a thing. Now, I, too, know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. Oh, I *know*, I *know* whom I have believed."

The three were alone, and Sister Cautious, becoming alarmed, remonstrated, saying, "Oh, you wont leave the true church will you? Don't disgrace the family by leaving."

"No, no, I will not leave the true church." Sister Abigail was asked, "Will you please read to me?" And opening God's Word, she read from St. Peter, second chapter, fifth verse: "Ye also as living stones are built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ," saying that the true church is made up of living stones, *living* members, etc., etc.

She was then asked to pray, and kneeling at the bedside she prayed, and the priest added, "Let her prayers be answered, for Jesus Christ's sake."

Promising to come again, they were leaving, when he whispered to Abigail, "Pray that I may

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

have the strength * * * at death to confess Christ before those, who will be with me."

What must have been the feelings of Sister Abigail? "In the morning sow thy seed, in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both alike shall be good." Surely, little is much, when God is in it, even in the giving of a tract.

What must have been the feelings of Sister Cautious, as she reviewed the scenes in that sick room! Moved to her inmost soul, she said, "I should like to know more. Why are you so persistent in tract-distributing?"

"Because they contain the Word of God, and the Word is the power of God unto salvation to *all* that believe!"

"Is salvation for time and eternity, gotten by simple belief in Christ dying for sinners on Calvary's cross, and is there nothing to do?"

"Nothing to do? no, not a whit.
Nothing to pay? no, not a bit;
All that was needed to do or to pay
Jesus hath done in His own blessed way."

"If you will take the place of a sinner and believe that Jesus died for you, you will be saved."

"Oh, I cannot believe.—I do not believe."

LITTLE IS MUCH

"I will pray that you, too, may say, '*I know* whom I have believed.'"

She was greatly agitated, deeply moved, but no, not angry!

They parted but to meet again, for it was only two days following, when they arranged another meeting in one of the parks.

How carefully does Sister Abigail go over Christ's death, the value of Christ's work, finished on the cross! How satisfied God was with it all! And Sister Cautious exclaims spell-bound, awe-struck. "There can surely be nothing to pay! There can be nothing added!"

Within five days, a telephone message tells of the priest being very low, and, at 8:10 in the morning, they meet at a street corner, and proceed to L——.

The priest is in a dying condition. His fellow priests enter bearing the crucifix, offering it to him. He cannot kiss it. Upon urging, he pushes it away.

"But there is no hope, dying so: Oh, he is not responsible though, he is delirious."

"Oh, no! no! no! *I know! I know* whom I have believed. "Sister, why don't, why can't you believe? All money—all penance—will not avail to save your soul from hell!"

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

He was exhausted! A stimulant was given. After a little rest, he extended his hand to Sister Abigail—"Pray for my sister, that she may know—'O Father, save my sister, save my brother, for Jesus Christ's sake, and give to Sister Abigail strength to tell many, as she told me.' 'Sister, can't you believe? Can't you understand?' "

The breath is coming quickly now.

He is going!

Priests draw near and Abigail is asked to go out, but our dying priest says, "No, let me hold her hand until the last minute. She taught me the true way."

"Yes, brother, this is the true way," holding up the crucifix—"this is—"

"No, not a piece of wood, but the Christ, that died upon it. For I know—whom I have believed.—" He is getting weaker—

"Sister, give—her—a keepsake—from me—now—while—I can see it."

"What shall I give?"

"My last—new silk—handkerchief—

"It's getting dark! Light the candles."

A priest proceeds to light the church candles.

"Oh, no! no! My path is light now—the eyes are growing dim—but oh! it's getting light, for I

LITTLE IS MUCH

can see Him, whom I have learned to know——and
I know——He is able——He is able——(a long
pause) ——He ——is ——able ——to ——keep——
——unto————that————day!——”

Yes, he will tell his tale yonder—of the little
tract about the conductor, and all that that after-
noon’s talk meant to his soul.

“Can it be! oh, can it be! and I am that con-
ductor!!!” “Surely, their works do follow them.”

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

CHAPTER V.

"Put thy shoes from off thy feet; the place, whereon thou standest, is holy ground."—Ex. 3:5.

Tread softly! another soul has entered in!

Surely this is holy ground!

Oh! for clean hands to touch souls!

For clean lips, to speak the words of life!

For clean lives, to leave the impress of God!

"Oh use me, Lord, use even me

Just as thou wilt, and when and where;

Until thy blessed face I see

Thy rest! thy joy! thy Glory share!"—F. R. H.

Our little praying circle, very subdued in His presence, listens with abated breath, as Abigail relates the story of the "Homegoing" of our priest. Surely, it pays to pray. Hearts are bowed in thankfulness, humility creeps over the soul, the pulse quickens its beat. What a reality prayer is! Hush! we are on holy ground. And they bow the knee in that mighty presence, hearing Jesus say, "If ye will ask the Father anything in my name, I will do it." Thus encouraged, they now cry unto God for the deliverance of the soul of Sister Cautious and that of the priest's brother. Oh! that they, too, may know Him. "Father, answer the priest's prayer, for Jesus Christ's sake."

LITTLE IS MUCH

Once more, we find Sister Abigail at the hospital, but not, on this occasion, to meet Sister Cautious, but to visit none other than one of our little praying circle, Mrs. S—who was taken there very seriously ill. So, day by day for two weeks, visits are made, with persistent distribution of those little leaflets. Just leaving them here, there, everywhere.

One evening Mrs. S.—seemed to be stronger, the temptation to linger a little longer than usual was almost too much, especially as the patient felt strangely well and happy and requested to hear something about our little praying circle and what was happening.

Was not Sister Abigail's heart full? Oh! had not much been happening? Had she not much to tell? Kneeling at the bedside, she related all about our conductor, telling how the little tract was finding its way to souls. Then the scenes of that sick-room were gone over. How subdued the voice! How intense the tone! as they near the very portals of glory, and the last words are uttered from the lips of the priest, "Unto—that—day!"

The lights had been lowered in the ward. Everything was hushed, save the quiet tread of the nurse, who was keeping watch. Frequently she drew

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

near, slowly, almost hesitatingly she passed, but, lost in wonder, with their hearts thrilled, they had forgotten everything.

The nurse stops now, oh, yes, they, too, have been recalled to earth, for she is at their side. It is time for medicine. When it is given, Sister Abigail is asked if she would like the light turned up a little? "Oh, no! perhaps you wish me to go now, as it is rather later than usual?"

"No, you need not, you are speaking so quietly, that you don't disturb anyone." Then she kindly offered Sister Abigail a chair, telling her to go on with her story. Had she heard it all? Did she want to hear more? Sister Abigail remained on her knees quite close to the patient, and soon again they were lost to all around. Why, is there more to tell? Yes, indeed. "Their works do follow them," God says.

A letter had been received from a stranger on the day of a recent prayer-meeting, which brought back memories, reminding our praying ones of God's faithfulness in answering prayer.

It seems that a year before our Sister Abigail had gone forth on one of her little missions, and was waiting with others at a street corner for the car. Among those waiting

LITTLE IS MUCH

was a very strange-looking little man, deformed, his limbs twisted, a large hump on his back. My! he was little. Of course, the first impulse was to say "Poor fellow! Just hear that racking cough! and he can hardly get into the car!" Giving a funny spring, he leaps to the seat, that is too high for him, when the car starts with a sudden jerk. See! he is falling forward, and Abigail puts forth her hand to steady him. Their eyes meet, as he expresses his thanks. Hers, filled with intense compassion and pity, move him, but oh! the bitterness of the tone, as he ironically remarks, "It is nice to be like this, isn't it?"

"No, indeed, it is not, but, if you will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, your body will be beautiful like His some day."

"I don't believe it; I believe in God as a Supreme Being, but cannot see wherein He is a loving God, when He has made me like this."

Then Sister Abigail produces a New Testament saying, "My little book shows me that if you will believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, He will change your poor body, and make it like His own glorious body," She marked Phil. 3:21; John 3:14-18; 1 Cor. 15:35-57, and made him promise to read the book. She told the praying circle at this

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

time of this poor deformed young fellow, bitter in spirit and, of course, they prayed for his salvation.

Now the letter comes, saying:—"About a year ago, you gave a Testament to a lame man on a car—a very little much-deformed man. You looked so sorry for him, and begged him to believe on Jesus and he would be changed. On opening the Testament, he found enclosed a tract about a conductor. He read it and said, "I cannot go to a Christless grave!" Mother urged him to read the little book, and he found from John 3:16 that God loved even him. He believed on Him, and has not gone to a Christless grave, but has gone to heaven to be changed, to have a new, glorious body. 'Oh!' said he, 'Thank the lady, and tell her to look at others, as she looked at me.' Mother is saved, and I, too, for we all read the little book, and we don't drink beer or whiskey any more, and we will tell every one we know to read it too."

"And now, dear Mrs. S—I must go, but isn't it wonderful, that God should so bless the tract about our conductor?" Well! it would be more wonderful if He did not! How good He is to answer our prayers. Surely, it pays to pray, and "Little is much, when God is in it."

LITTLE IS MUCH

But the nurse had overheard, and asks Sister Abigail, "Is what you have been telling about the priest true?"

"Oh, yes, have you heard? How much have you heard?"

"I think I heard it all, I found one of those little papers under a mat, the one about the conductor, and, on two different occasions, I gave it to some patients." Then she repeated the words the priest said, "I know whom I have believed."

"Whom have you believed, the Lord Jesus Christ?"

A short conversation followed, and she was given the gospel by John to read. At a later interview, she, too, could mingle her voice with others, truly saying "I too *know*; yes, I know whom I have believed." She took her vacation shortly after this, and is now doing private nursing.

It was only three hours after Sister Abigail's visit, when Mrs. S—became suddenly worse, and was soon, oh, so soon, ushered into the presence of the King, where, face to face, she could meet the subjects of the story she had listened to with such interest,—the conductor, the priest, the little man. Wonder of Wonders! and I shall be there! Will you?

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

CHAPTER VI.

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ,—for it is the power of God unto Salvation to *everyone* that believeth" (Rom. i:16).

Three weeks have passed since the scene at L— and our Sister Cautious again calls Sister Abigail by telephone and appoints a meeting at Park L—, where quietly and sacredly they talk over the death of the priest, her brother, going back to that little incident, on the car, where Sister Abigail gave him the paper, telling of the conductor. Surely the paper was being much used by God! They recall the passage from the Word of God, that he so triumphantly quoted. "For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day" II Tim 1:12.

Sister Cautious, feeling her way, says, "Can the Word of God have such power, and bring about such changes?" Sister Abigail answers "Yes," relating to her another incident.

It was the story of a very sick woman whom she had been asked to visit, and with whom she had left the tract of "our conductor." At this

LITTLE IS MUCH

home there was much service to be rendered in His name, with loving hands to make the patient comfortable. One day, after having read the tract, the sick woman asked Sister Abigail, "Do you think the man in the paper you gave me could know he was going to heaven? How could he have his sins forgiven? And what did he mean by a Christless grave?"

"Of course, he could know he was going to heaven, because God's Word says: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou *shalt* be saved.' Acts 16:31.

"He could also have his sins forgiven, because God's Word says: 'Be it *known* unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man (Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: And by Him, all that believe are justified from all things.'—Acts 13:38, 39.

"To go to a Christless grave is to die without having trusted Christ alone, for salvation, for there is salvation in none other."

But though the gospel was given her in all simplicity, this dear woman could not believe in there being any hope, outside of her church and good works. How could one know? She believed she

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

must be prayed out of purgatory, to have any hope of heaven.

The next day, on entering her home, our Sister Abigail was met with, "I have been thinking so much about that conductor, he did not have any time for all was so sudden, and do you think he could *know* that he was saved?"

Taking a Roman Catholic bible, Sister Abigail turned to John 3:16 and read: "For God so loved the world, as to give His only begotten son; that 'whosoever' believeth in Him may *not* perish, but may *have* life everlasting." Surely she could know!

The next time she was visited, the patient was found rejoicing in her newly-found Saviour and said, "You were so sure the man was saved, because he took God at His word, and I thought I, too, would take Him at His word and trust Him anyway, and right away I felt and knew that there was nothing *more* to do or to pay; I am happy, oh, so happy!" A few days later, the end of her life came, and her last words were: "Only Jesus can save, He has saved me. Oh, it is not the cross, a mere piece of wood, but *Jesus*, for there is but one meditator between God and men, the man, Christ Jesus." I Tim. 2:5.

Then Sister Cautious repeated these words, so

LITTLE IS MUCH

often quoted by her brother, "I know—am persuaded—able to keep—what does it all mean?" And again they go over the work, done on Calvary's cross by the crucified Saviour. Surely all is centred there! What a meditation for any heart!

Then quietly and softly lost in thought, they parted, Sister Cautious thinking, groping through the dark, yes, longing, but still unconvinced. She returned to the hospital, where again she was absorbed with her many responsibilities and cares, but God says "I will work—who shall hinder?"

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

CHAPTER VII.

"Thy sceptre rules creation,
Thy wounded hand rules me;
All bow before thy footstool,
I but the nail prints see.
Aloud they sound thy praises,
Thou Lord of Lords Most High,
One thrilling thought absorbs me,
This Lord for me did die."—J. G. Deek.

Again Sister Cautious and Sister Abigail determine to spend a day together, for have not the feelings of Sister Cautious been stirred? Her whole being is in unrest, with longing to *know*. Feeling, thinking, groping, hoping, she cannot, must not go on thus, longer. "My brother *knew*, Sister Abigail *knows*, and I, too, *must know*."

Bound in superstition so long, inflicting penance upon herself, doing, working, saying prayers, with no rest, no peace, oh, how can she get light, when all is so dark? Truly, how can she be led into the light? Oh that God would speak the word, for is not Jesus the Light of the world?

They go to Niagara Falls, and there close by the water's edge, where the mighty torrent falls in such unrest and the spray showers all around, they find a secluded corner, and, in spite of the noise and roar of the waters, there creeps a hush over their

LITTLE IS MUCH

souls, as they solemnly read from the four gospels the account of our Lord's crucifixion, that awful tragedy, enacted at Calvary's cross, where amidst men's curses, railings and revilings and in the full blaze of the noonday sun, it becomes as midnight and a dense darkness covers the land for three hours and out of that awful gloom there rends through the sky that heart-rending cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" followed so soon after by the words, "It is finished!" Then He bowed his head and died.

"It is finished." Oh, what words of triumph—the Son of God—dying—for man, the creature's sin! Wonderful, wonderful words!

"Oh, Sister Abigail, it all comes before me now, like dissolving views—I can see—I can know—I believe now."

"Believe, believe what? the power of the Virgin Mary to intercede for you?"

"Oh, no, not so much that, but what my Jesus accomplished on the cross."

"What was He there for?"

"I know it all now, He was there *for me*, apart from all that any man can do" and, falling on her knees, at the water's edge, amidst the din and roar, she clasps together her hands, crying. "Oh! my

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

Jesus! my Jesus! my Lord Jesus Christ! I can see now that nothing can atone, but the blood of Christ."

"What about your penances, your suffering and many years of works in order to obtain salvation?"

"Oh, don't speak to me of that any more. Nothing, nothing could be added to such an atonement as this. What you have read has shown me Jesus on the cross, dying for my sins, and there is nothing left for me to do."

"What did you mean by saying, not so much the Virgin Mary?"

"Just to think there is so little said about her in God's Book! I realize she is nothing more than any other woman (apart from the honor of being the Mother of Jesus), but I have been so accustomed to think of her interceding for me. Can it be true, Sister Abigail, that Jesus intercedes for me, all the time?"

"Yes, indeed! and do you know that your prayers, *in His name*, arise as sweet incense to God?"

"How strange! what you tell me, makes me see that you Protestant Christians do confess, do have an intercessor, and do believe in good works, but all *after* salvation, instead of *for* salvation, and

LITTLE IS MUCH

that you pray to God, through Christ, instead of through the Virgin Mary."

Then they had prayer together, and Sister Cautious said, "God! Father! teach me to pray, through Jesus to Thee."

What a scene to God and to angels! "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Luke 15:10.

God and His Son satisfied with that work for the poor sinner, yes, and the poor sinner well *satisfied also*. Dear reader, are you?

They had brought a little lunch for refreshment, and, after spreading it out, they bowed their heads reverently and gave thanks to God, and Sister Cautious whispered "for Jesus Christ's sake."

They lingered together, but now there is new life, and, with it, many questions arise.

"How can I go on in the old way?"

"Will they have me in the church of Rome under the new condition of things?"

"Why, God will make your path as plain as your salvation! Have you ever read of those in distress, who called on God and he delivered them out of all their distresses."

"No!"

"Will you write it down?"

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

And so she copied the words from Psalm 107:28.
"Oh, I must have a book, exactly like yours!"

"Yes, indeed, it is worth its weight in gold, being the Word of God and the Word says "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as with silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ."

"Oh, no! does it say so in those words?"

"Yes, in 1 St. Peter 1:18."

"I must indeed have a book like yours!"

"You call it *a* book, I call it 'The Book.'"

"Yes, it is The Book of Books to you."

They had prayer together again, and Sister Cautious thanked God for Sister Abigail.

But time was going, they could tarry no longer, and returned to the city. Our Sister Cautious began to live her new life—in old surroundings. Surely the little praying circle had proved that their God was true. How encouraged they were to go on moving the hand that moves the world!

Our priest's prayer for his sister, answered. I wonder, does he know? But he prayed also for his brother. Will not God answer?

Father, we add our petition, "Save him for Christ's sake." Oh, it does pay to pray, and surely "Little is much, when God is in it."

LITTLE IS MUCH

CHAPTER VIII.

"Then Jesus said unto His disciples, If any will come after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it."—Matt. 16: 24, 25.

New desires, new hopes and new aspirations had been begotten in the soul of Sister Cautious, and she felt that there must come changes in her life; was not, too, her sister in the old country, to whom she must go, to tell her of her newly found joy? This would necessitate leaving her old surroundings, and this she decided to do, as soon as she could see her way clear; but, how could she do so? Had she not become absorbed in her work? How strong were the old ties and associations of so many years! How she prayed and agonized in prayer for strength to do the right thing! To break her vows was no small matter with her, and yet again, under the new condition of things, how could she be true to her church obligations? Would it be treating justly and honestly those who had committed so much to her trust, to seem to be, what in reality she was not! No! she felt the time had come for her to go; and go she must

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

to her sister, as God was seeming to say "This is the way, walk ye in it!"

Only God knows what it meant to her to tear herself away from her life-long associations, to be misunderstood, maligned, yes, even cursed. Her distress, her agony was terrible; at last the time had arrived, when this step must be taken, though with only two dollars and a half in her possession, the means to buy a pair of shoes, what was she to do? She decided she would not touch this money, but would trust the Lord, who had done so much for her, and step out, not knowing whither she went. She telephoned to Sister Abigail, telling of her decision and the latter to meet her at the depot to say farewell.

What exercise of heart had Sister Abigail that morning! Sister Cautious going away! No means with which to go: And Sister Abigail, with no means to help! But she knew her God, who had supplied her every need for so long a time, and He was faithful. Did He not know? Did He not love? Did He not care? To her knees she went, telling Him all about it, and saying, "Father, I will give Sister Cautious all the money you will send me this morning." The morning mail arrived with one letter from England containing eight pounds ster-

LITTLE IS MUCH

ling. Then at eight o'clock ten dollars was sent in and, on her way to the depot, a Christian put a five dollar gold piece in her hand.

Sister Cautious said she had a friend in R——, with whom she could stay, till her way was opened to go to her sister in the old country, and she was willing to go with simply her fare to R——. Sister Abigail purchased her ticket, gave her an envelope, enclosing what money remained, and told her about God answering prayer and sending so much for her in so short a time.

Oh! what gratefulness arose in their hearts, as they withdrew to a corner in that depot, to pour out their thanksgiving to such a God as was theirs. How encouraged and cheered they were to go on for God, *not* counting their lives dear unto themselves!!

"But, Sister Cautious, did you not think you should have made a confession of your faith, and explained why you were leaving and going to your sisters?"

"Oh, you do not understand, I could not, but go I must."

The train was ready now and they must part. They had become very dear to one another, and were feeling the parting very much, knowing that

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

in all likelihood they would not meet on earth again, but that the next meeting would be in the Glory Land, in the presence of Him, who had died for them.

Sister Cautious boards the train for R—— treasuring the word “He knoweth the way that I take” Job. 23:10. Our Sister Abigail says farewell, hesitates a moment, then slowly returns to her home and labor in the Lord. With what mingled feelings of joy and sadness does she review all the happenings of the last few years. Communication is now cut off and it is some time before word comes from Sister Cautious, but one day she telephones Sister Abigail that she is leaving R—— for England.

How anxiously Sister Abigail waits for news of her arrival there, but none comes—, what can be the matter? Has she forgotten Sister Abigail? Are her trials too great to tell? Has she grown cold in heart towards her Lord? Is not her Saviour a reality? Has she done wrong and repented?

Our little praying circle does not forget to pray, and, though lost sight of for a long time, she is commended to the care of our Lord, in whom she had learned to trust, and God was

LITTLE IS MUCH

not unmindful of their prayers! Will they ever hear from her again? Well they can trust in the dark, for He doeth all things well and He cares.

A long time elapses. There is a ring at the door bell, and Sister Abigail is wanted. It is a gentleman, and he will not enter. Sister Abigail goes to the door, to find a gentleman clothed in the garb of a priest. Immediately he asks if she is Sister Abigail. "I am Sister Abigail to only one person; how do you know me as that?"

Holding up a little book of poems by Miss Havergal, he asked, "Do you recognize this?"

"Yes, I left it at the—Hospital."

"Who did you say could have it?"

"Where did you get it?"

"Did you know anyone you called Sister Cautious?"

"Yes, indeed, where is she? What do you know about her?"

"She is my sister, and she is gone!"

"I have just come from the old country, from her bedside, where I saw her pass away from this world into the next. She told me, that she desired you to have this book and that you would recognize it.

"I have another book here" and, removing the

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

wrapping paper, he continued, "Do you know this?"

"I think so! Oh! it is her Bible!"

"My sister asked me to give these in your hands, which I most solemnly promised to do, and she wanted me to tell you, she was not going through purgatory nor into judgment, because she knew whom she had believed, and was persuaded—and persuaded——and persuaded!!!"

"And are you, sir? Do you believe?"

"I do believe that Jesus died for my sins, and I know whom I have believed—I believe in Him!"

"I cannot leave the true church, but my eyes have been opened to see there is no other way, but to trust simply in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation and I will tell it. It is a very deep sorrow to me that my sister left the true church, and for that I cannot forgive you."

Another one entered into His presence, and safe at Home! Another prayer answered, the priest's brother saved! Oh, sisters, pray on, it surely pays! Our God is a faithful God. He does hear. He does answer.

How eagerly, how sacredly, our Sister Abigail clasps the book of poems and the Bible in her hands! How much she feels! "And so dear Sister Cautious

LITTLE IS MUCH

is at Home, with her Saviour! Truly she knows Him! Dear, dear Sister Cautious."

The leaves of the Bible are reverently turned. Exodus 20 is found marked and divided into ten sections, then a footnote written at the bottom of the page reads, "*All this done away in the death of Jesus, for I know whom I have believed.*" Another passage of Scripture is underlined. Reader, do I need to tell you what that text is? Surely none other than 2 Timothy 1:12. Let us say it over together reverently.

"For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him, against that day."

A leaf is turned down in the little book of poems, having been marked by her own hands.

"He is with thee!—In thy service,
He is with thee 'certainly,'
Filling with the Spirit's power,
Giving in the needing hour
His own messages by thee."

Yes, it is her last message to Sister Abigail. She has gone to be *with Him*, but, sends this word across the waters. "*He is with thee,*" and Abigail responds: "Mizpah!" Till-that-Day!

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

CHAPTER IX.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shall find it after many days."—Eccl. 11:1.

Five o'clock? Yes, that is the last whistle. The bells are ringing in the engine room. They are pulling in the plank, and the boat is moving out; "Throw off the ropes" cries the deckhand. Every thing is in motion, and that large boat with its pleasure lovers and pleasure seekers, is plying its way through the water to the beach. The band strikes up, and many couples are wending their way to the dancing deck; groups of business men are seen here and there talking over the topics of the day; many are busy reading the evening papers. The pop-corn boy and ice cream boy wend their way through the crowd.

Our Sister Abigail is also on this boat, going to the beach, where Iona is staying for the summer. Iona has been very ill, and Sister Abigail spends the nights with her, and is now carrying with her a basket of extras for the invalid, and, of course, is not without her bundle of tracts, for she feels she must use every opportunity to reach souls. And

LITTLE IS MUCH

what an opportunity this is! So she passes in and out among the people, giving away her little messengers; among others is the tract about our conductor. Many receive one graciously, some with sneers, others with a toss of the head or a smile, but few refuse. She cares not; on she goes, saying softly to herself, "Thou knowest not which shall prosper either this or that." And, "Little is much, when God is in it," you know!

On one occasion, she caused a sensation; while standing at the side of the boat, as it went dancing over the waves, gazing at the large expanse of water, she thought of these words, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days." Quick as a flash, she responded: "I shall literally do it! Messages have been sent in bottles from ships in distress, and received somewhere, and I have a bottle in my basket, I shall put the tract about the conductor in it." So deliberately taking out the bottle, she rolled the tract, taking care to have on the outside the title "I am not going to a Christless grave, are you?" She put it into the bottle, and, placing the cork in, pounded it tightly on the boat's railing; then, after hesitating but a moment, while she had telephonic communication with heaven, "Father, use

WHEN GOD IS. IN IT.

this message, for Jesus' sake," she threw the bottle adrift upon the waves.

Many were the eyewitnesses; what can she be doing? What a crazy thing to do! Then there was the smile, the sneer, the criticism, but what does she care, while the little song of trust makes melody in her heart? He said, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days" and will He not keep His word? So, with the thrush, she can sing:

"He'll do it, He will, He'll do it!
Nor sings he his song in vain;
For as oft as I hear the music
It brings to my heart the word.
'He is faithful who hath promised.'
I will do it, saith the Lord."

Well, the summer passes by, and nothing seems to have been accomplished. Our little praying circle asks God to use the little messengers distributed in His name, and thus the trust is committed to His hands.

A year has passed by, and still no news of results has come, but the text reads, "After *many* days." Is there just a wee bit of impatience, during the waiting time? The thrush echoes;

LITTLE IS MUCH

"But listen! the song is changing,
'Tis a note of impatience now.
Quick! quick! quick! quick! he is saying,
As he flits from bough to bough.
And it seems to be only an echo
Of some human hearts we know;
They say 'God will keep His promise,'
But think the performance slow."

There is yet a little longer waiting, but the heart
is learning to trust, yes, and is learning something
more.

"For sweet is Thy will, O Father,
And right is Thy chosen time,
And again the thrush's anthem
Is joyous full and free.
He'll do it, He will, He'll do it;
The Amen is said by me."

Eighteen months have passed now, a gentleman
is ushered into the sitting-room. It is Monday
morning. What could have brought such an early
visitor? Surely something important! He looked
at Sister Abigail for a moment, then exclaimed:
"Yes, you are the lady I saw on the five o'clock
boat, every evening, that summer. I watched you
give out your little messengers from time to time,
and also watched the faces of the recipients, but,
no matter what their attitude, you passed on se-
renely, and, one day, I saw you do a very strange

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

thing, you rolled up one of the little tracts, placed it in a bottle, corked it and threw it overboard, much to the amusement of the onlookers. Well, I got so that I watched for your coming and now I have *my* story to tell.

"I was in dire business difficulties, could see no way out, had not courage to face my creditors and go down in disgrace, so determined to take my life, and again and again, went to the beach for that purpose but was unable to carry out my purpose. Matter were getting worse, what was I to do? I was frantic. The day came, when I knew that things could be kept quiet no longer. I was a ruined man—so determined to end all. I took a boat and rowed out on the lake, yes, I rowed and rowed waiting for the dark, when I could pull in the oars and drift, drift whither I would. It is a tale often told, a boat upset, man lost, not an unusual occurrence, you know!"

He went on to say, "Soon, soon, all would have been over; the sun was setting, I pulled in my oars, and began to drift—drift—happy release soon now—death is preferable to disgrace! Still drifting and wondering when and where all would end I saw that the moon was rising then and casting its rays of light over the water, and, in that light I

LITTLE IS MUCH

noticed something floating. I reached forth my hand instinctively and caught it, and behold, it was a bottle! Instantly I thought, 'One of that lady's bottles!' Impatiently, I knocked off the top with my knife, pulled out the little paper, and read that ominous headline, 'I am not going to a Christless grave, are you?'

"Imagine how I felt if you can! It was the voice of God. I was stunned! Surely, there was something worse than disgrace,—a Christless grave—hell. I wavered but a moment, I could not, no, I could not go to a Christless grave. Pushing out the oars, I rowed to the shore like one mad—rushed to my room, struck a light and read the story of a conductor, his sudden death, his acceptance of the Saviour. I could endure no longer my suspense, unrest, agony of mind, but there and then accepted Christ as my own Saviour, and found rest to my soul. What rest it is!"

The next morning he arose, and still had the same difficulties to face, but he was a new man in Christ Jesus and had the promise of his Lord to comfort him, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Now he was eager to face his creditors, made no delay to call them together, told them his difficulties and promised to pay every cent, if they

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

would give him time. They accepted his terms. He soon sought a position with that object in view, and is paying all gradually, adding "As soon as I have settled all honorably, I will *publicly* confess my faith in Christ."

Well! Well! "Little is much, when God is in it," and that little tract, cast on the waters, has been found after—many days. God said it and it is true.

"He'll do it, He will, He'll do it."

He did it. Praise His name! The would-be suicide is not going to a Christless grave. Are you?

LITTLE IS MUCH

CHAPTER X.

"He was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears;
He made a road of my broken works,
And a rainbow of my tears.

"He guided my paths I could not see,
By ways that I have not known.
The crooked was straight and the rough made plain,
As I followed the Lord, alone."

It was only a day yielded to Him, placed in
His control! Could He be unfaithful to that
trust? Oh, no!

"He knows, he loves, He cares!
Nothing this truth can dim,
He gives the very best to those
Who *leave the choice* with Him."

Yet everything seemed to go wrong, and was hindered. ("Man proposes, but God disposes"), for "It is not in man that walketh, to direct his steps." Another had taken up the trust, put into His hands. So, if much was to be accomplished, He must needs thwart plans, for our ways are not His ways, and how often instead of being found "workers together with Him," we hinder the working out of the very thing we would most desire.

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

But when in touch with Him, yielding ourselves, as circumstances come, without fret or friction in our inmost souls, knowing *He is over all* and can, through a very little thing, even the missing of a car, set every thing in motion (for who can stay His course, when He begins to work?) how easy everything becomes! How simple it makes life, how care-free! Oh! do not our hearts know it?

Thus

"The little girl wrought by her father's side,
In a garden at cool of eventide;
Only *pleasure* to her did the *labor* seem,
For she was a worker 'together with Him.'"

But when "out of touch," not yielding ourselves as circumstances arise, or remembering that they come *from Him*, how hard the day is, how everything drags, and our busiest day, so full of work, has nothing in it. Like the little girl,

"When toiling alone, 'twas different indeed,
It was *hard work* to pull up each tiresome weed;
And soon she ceased trying the garden to trim,
For she was no longer, a 'worker with Him.'"

Oh! to let God choose and plan our days for us! Well! God disposed the purposes of our Sister Abigail that day, and directed her steps, causing her to take the right car, at the right time, to give the

LITTLE IS MUCH

right message to the right man, and then! oh then! see all that follows in train, and fills our little volume. The tract telling of the conductor saved reaches the priest, who in turn reaches Sister Cautious. The tale told reaches the nurse—the cripple—the sick woman—the priest's brother—and last, but not least, the man bent on suicide. Surely, when that day was yielded, God was in it, and man's busiest day is not worth that minute on the car.

We might go on to tell of Nellie and John, two who had contemplated suicide, and of two men in Toronto into whose hands fell the tract about the conductor, all of whom God saved. And they are still living, and trying to please their Lord.

But enough for this time! The tale of that day is still being told, and our Sister Abigail is living and going on with her work, valuing more than ever the details of her life. Shall not we too value the details of our lives? Oh! for hearts to see God in everything, knowing,

"Nothing in itself is small,
None is great, tho' earth it fill;
But that is small, that seek *its own*,
And great, that seeks *God's will*!"

How much He can and does make out of our

WHEN GOD IS IN IT.

little! do you not feel tempted to trust Him more? I do!

Our Sister Abigail's experience is only that of many untold experiences, the echoes of results from a small thing, as, for instance, the fragrant life filled with trophies of grace for Him. Such was that of Delia (the bluebird of Mulberry Bend), resulting from the receiving of a pink rose, so sacredly committed by Mrs. Wittimore into God's hands to be used for Him. Yes, and perhaps, your *own* life was changed by a very little thing.

Then why, oh why, are the fret and the worries? Cannot the very detail, that seems to hinder, be fraught with such blessings as were the hindrances of our Sister Abigail's day.

"God for us and with us, O wonderful thought,
What deeds of renown in His name might be wrought!
Did the precious truth in our hearts ever beam,
That we, his own children, are 'workers with Him.'"

And shall we not be? Oh, let us make the *little* things in our lives tell for Him, for we know "Little is much, when God is in it!"

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